

The Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION IN CONNECTION WITH ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

No doubt faith is the immediate condition of every spiritual blessing received from God. But there are always pre-requisites of faith itself which in their order are quite as properly regarded conditions of salvation as faith, since without them faith that brings salvation cannot be exercised.

Repentance is one of these remote conditions of salvation—a godly sorrow for sin, a sorrow for *my* sin, a full admission of its turpitude, abhorrence of it because it is sin, a practical forsaking of it and all occasions of temptation to it. Not until the heart reaches such a state, is it able to exercise faith in Christ.

Entire Consecration is another of these pre-requisites of faith, but in the case of persons seeking justifying grace, this self-abhorrence, this practical abandonment of all sinful ways, this full and hearty purpose to cease from sin and live piously henceforth, contains in itself much of the element of self-dedication to God: hence it commonly occurs that seekers of pardon are not conscious of the distinction between repentance and consecration, as acts of their own minds. *Not commonly* we say, though we know, in many cases the distinction does clearly exist in the apprehension of the penitent.

It seems evident from the tenor of Scripture teaching, and from the nature of the case, that no person can attain forgiveness of sin who does not repent of sin, and according to the light then enjoyed, consecrate himself to God. In this state, or perhaps we should say in the continual practice of consecration, he must live if he retain the justifying grace he has received.

But just here occurs a question. If entire consecration is necessary as a condition of justification, and if the soul must continue in entire consecration in order to maintain its justified relation to God, how then can we say to a justified believer, "you must consecrate yourself wholly to God, if you would obtain full salvation." This question is often asked, sometimes carpingly perhaps, but at other times with the sincerest desire for light upon the path of duty, and for a better knowledge of the way of salvation. We never find a greater pleasure in our work as conductors of the Guide than when we are able to help a struggling brother out of perplexity; and we will humbly submit some thoughts upon the point, trusting they may be made a blessing to some of our readers.

We would say to a person whom we regarded as in a clear state of justifying grace before God, if he should come to us for advice and direction as a seeker of full salvation, "*first of all consecrate yourself wholly to God for the blessing.*" We would say this—1st. Because consecration is an act that must be repeated over and over again through all the stages of the Christian life. Nearly all the eminent Christians we have ever known have practised the daily formal re-dedication of themselves, soul, body, talents, substance, social influence &c., to God, carefully reviewing the whole matter, and testing the heart upon each point in the growing light of a daily approximation to the Sun of Righteousness.

2. Because this process of re-dedication always accompanies, or rather precedes with some new feature of peculiar solemnity in every successive case, each special manifestation of the power of God to the soul, through every stage of its progress. We are persuaded that of all the thousands who read the Guide, there is not one who will read this paragraph but may truthfully say, "Thus hath the Lord led me."

3. The direction, entirely to consecrate the soul to God in such a case, is further proper from the following facts. The seeker is intent upon the entire eradication of sinful appetites, affections, passions, biases, from his heart, and the complete occupancy of his nature by grace.—Coming to God with such requests, he may well be assured that the light of eternal truth will shine into him with even terrible clearness. Oh the searchings of heart, the probings of conscience, through which the soul passes in these struggles to be free! In this clearer light, how deep and pervading appears the pollution of the soul. How adulterated with some debasing alloy appear the motives which in the past have prompted to even devotional acts. Now the act by which the soul yields up itself to these heart-searchings—these painful probings, is itself of the nature—the very essence of consecration.

From these introspections—these discoveries of remaining corruption, come relents and self-abasement and contrition such as the spirit never knew before. This—call it what you will—deserves the name of penitence, with a significance profounder far than could attach to any grief for actual sin before justification.

4. But just here the light sends its beams along the path upon which the soul is now seeking to enter. New grace is to bring new duties and new trials. Some question of duty, of which the soul may have had glimpses in its better moods before, is sure to arise and confront the seeker now. Will that young man consent to preach the gospel? Will that woman put off her gay attire? Will that business man devote a given portion of his substance to deeds of piety and charity? Will you confess it? These, or similar questions, together with a view of crosses, trials, bereavements, desertion, poverty, persecution, troop up before the eye of the mind, and the spirit often

seems to ply the heart with the inquiry "Will you come out from the world to do *that* duty and to follow a *lone Saviour* through all this? Now the soul struggles to get its own consent, if we may so speak, to the terms on which it perceives the blessing of purity to be suspended, and this struggle is a struggle for entire consecration indeed—a struggle frequently far more severe than that which preceded the new birth in the same individual.

But how is it with the great mass of professing Christians who do not enjoy perfect love? Obviously some of them are entirely destitute of the grace of God. But what of those who exhibit many marks of grace, but who are habitually remiss in certain duties, and, to say the best, are frequently overcome of Satan. Now shall we say that these are not Christians in any sense? that they are children of the devil, and therefore ought to be out of the church? Let any minister that says so proceed accordingly in his administration. For ourselves, we beg to know if there is not such a thing as lukewarmness in religion? May not a real child of God be under the rebukes of his heavenly Father, while yet he is not turned out of doors and disinherited? If not, how then shall we interpret a score of such passages as the following? "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth"—"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent." Is there no such thing as languid piety? Are there none who follow Christ afar off? Are there no real Christians to whom God may speak in very tender and precious words of approval and love, calling them the church, and recounting with a fatherly satisfaction the evidences of their piety to him, but to whom he may yet say, "Nevertheless I have something against thee because thou hast left thy first love"? Alas, who does not see that in this very state—this twilight, dubious, anomalous condition, vast numbers in all the churches *live*? Hearers, but forgetful hearers—learners ever learning, and never able to come at the knowledge of the truth—out of bondage, but often in the snare of the devil—laggards along the road to life—pilgrims to glory, asleep in the bowers of carnal security—out of Egypt, but not in Canaan, and not exactly on the way to Canaan, but taxing the patience of the Almighty by their interminable gyrations in the wilderness.

Now every man who labors extensively in endeavoring to lead men to full salvation knows that in most of the cases he is called to deal with, he is engaged in instructing persons whose previous religious history has been of the equivocal and unsatisfactory character above noted; and what about entire consecration for these? "Ah! these are not Christians at all," says one. That is more than we dare affirm with our eye on God's word; and we notice it is more than most ministers dare affirm or hint in the ear of the party concerned. We should say they are a sort of

dwarfish, sickly, purblind race, having yet the marks of a celestial pedigree. They have not upon their consciences the assurance of the divine favor, of God's justifying, approving love from day to day, but they yet appear not to have lost their adoption into the divine family so but that they manifest at times some very satisfactory signs of the spiritual life.

Now we do solemnly declare that the very best treatment we have ever known to be bestowed on such cases is to divert the attention *at once* to the duty and privilege of seeking and enjoying the blessing of a clean heart, accompanied with the most definite and earnest exhortations to an immediate, full consecration of all to God for that blessed attainment.

In conclusion, then, we say that in view of all the above considerations, we deem the practice of directing the attention of seekers of full salvation to the duty of entire consecration, as a pre-requisite of the attainment of that blessing not only allowable but eminently proper and even indispensable in every case. G.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

DESIRING TO SEE JESUS.

"Sir, we would see Jesus." John xii. 21.

ONE of the missionary papers gave, a few years ago, the following beautiful incident, illustrating the desire to see Jesus. The poor heathen boy desired to see him both with his natural and spiritual eye. He was gratified, as will be seen by the story, but not as he expected. He first saw him by faith, and *then* "face to face."

Not many years ago as a lady was sitting in the verandah of her Burmese house, a jungle boy came bounding through the opening in the hedge, which served as a gateway, and approaching her, inquired with eagerness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" He was a boy about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in a most slovenly manner about his person. "Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the feet of the lady. "What do you want of Jesus Christ?" she asked. "I want to see him," replied the boy, earnestly; "I want to confess to him." "Does he live here?" he continued with great emphasis. "I want to know *that*," "What have you been doing that you should want to confess to him?" inquired the lady. "Doing!" answered the boy, "why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I have heard he can save us from hell. Does he live *here*? O, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ." "You cannot see Jesus Christ now," replied the lady gently.

The fallen countenance of the inquirer, and a sharp, quick cry of distress, showed how keenly he felt the disappointment of not finding the Saviour there. "But I am his humble friend and follower," said the lady. At this the face of the little listener brightened, and she continued, "He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape hell, how to do so." The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance at this declaration was beyond description. "Tell me, O tell me!" he exclaimed. "Only ask the Lord Jesus Christ to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry. Do not send me away. I want to be saved." The next day, this boy was introduced into the little bamboo school-house in the character of the wild Karen boy, and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness, had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more about the Lord Jesus, and every day his feelings enlarged and his face became more animated. He at last found Jesus, was baptized, and received the Lord's Supper. He lived a short time a witness for Jesus, and died in triumph.

To all who would see Jesus, "The Spirit and the Bride say, come." He is not far from every one of you.

THE DOUBLE PORTION.

"And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." 2 Kings, ii. 9.

DR. KITTO'S remarks upon this passage seem to be judicious:—"But what was that double portion of Elijah's spirit which his disciple desired? One would think that it expressed the possession of such qualities as should make him twice as great a prophet as his master. But it was not so; for although Elisha became a great prophet and wrought miracles as great as those of Elijah, and in greater number, no one feels that he was greater as a prophet or as a man, than his master, or so great. His meaning is explained by the fact that the heir was entitled to a double portion of his father's goods; hence in asking for a double portion of his master's spirit, Elijah meant to claim the heirship or succession to Elijah in his place as prophet in Israel. He had reason to suppose it was meant for him; but he wished to be assured of this by some token which should be satisfactory to himself and others."

Christians often refer to these words in their prayers, asking for a double portion of God's Spirit. If, according to the above interpretation, they mean such a portion of the Holy Ghost as shall be to them a token of their heirship with Christ, an assurance of their being made prophets to speak for God; how fully has he promised to answer. Elijah reckoned Elisha's request a "hard thing." But our Master regards such a request most graciously, for he giveth his Spirit *freely* unto those who ask. He gives it in a measure

satisfactory to his disciples, and demonstrative to others, by its fruits, of their discipleship.

A KNOWLEDGE OF GOD'S WORD IS GIVEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW HIM.

"Then shall we know; if we follow on to know the Lord." Hosea vi. 3.

"I SHOULD be willing to die this moment," said a lady to us, in inconsiderate haste, "if I could only know the mysteries of the spirit world." Equally impatient are many to understand the mysteries of salvation. What is faith? what is the new birth?—what do you mean by the witness of the Spirit?—and how can these save from guilt and fear, and fill the soul with satisfying peace? To these and kindred questions, the Scriptures answer. You shall know, if you follow on to know the Lord. If faith was simply a philosophical fact, to be apprehended by the intellect alone, it would be readily sought. If the new birth was a truth appealing to the reason only, and having its proof limited by the capabilities of the head, it would be to the pride of man an inviting object of search. If man's wisdom, unaided by divine illumination, could demonstrate the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, it would be a matter of glorying to many to whom now it is an occasion of stumbling. But to know these clearly, unmistakably, man must know God. There is much in connection with them, and in reference to the deep things of God, for the intellect to do. They afford matter enough for its sublimest exercise. But that man sees them but dimly who does not know God; who does not know him through his Son. The psalmist says of God, "In thy light shall we see light;" and Christ says of himself, "If ye had known me ye should have known my Father also." Here then is a truth men are slow to learn. To know God by believing on Christ—to feel him in the heart—to be in mysterious union by sensible fellowship with him—is the true wisdom. The humble poor, the despised and unknown may have this knowledge, while the learned and the mighty may be fools. God has hidden it from the wise and prudent, and revealed it unto babes. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

But we must "follow on to know the Lord," for the revelations of divine things are "prepared as the morning." Truth is gradually unfolded as we progress. Its first beams are glorious, as is the dawn of the morning, and like it they become more and more glorious. It increaseth until there is no darkness at all, and the soul's limited capacity is filled, and it stands in awe at the depth of meaning which it perceives in every word of God. This knowledge is the microscopic power of the soul. Things that are small and insignificant to the natural eye, are expanded into exquisite beauty. It is its telescopic power also. Things that lie far in the future, dwelling in eternity and resting only on God's promise, or hid in the depth

of the Eternal Mind, and only faintly shadowed to a weak faith, fill the whole horizon of sight to those who have followed on to know the Lord. As in the natural world, the faint light in the heavens becomes suns under the wonderful instrument of the modern astronomer, so God's words, which seem only the nebulae of truth, become to the adult Christian, each a separate and shining star.

OUR OBEDIENCE NOT TO BE MADE A MATTER OF CONVENIENCE.

"In earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest." Exodus xxxiv: 21.

IN the pressing seasons of the year; both in spring when the seed must be sown or the coming summer will be lost, and in autumn when the golden harvest must be gathered or the winter's cold will blast it, you shall rest. You shall not regard your own convenience in the observance of my Sabbaths. Such is the spirit of the command. Obedience to God is of more value in his sight and to man than the richest harvest, and submission to his will than a full granary. Man ever seeks to compound with God; to give him a part of what he demands, and substitute for the rest something else; or to render him a service modified and shaped to suit his own convenience and supposed interest. He says, my business presses too much to allow time to read God's Word. Friends demand my attention, I cannot go to the house of prayer. I do not feel like being God's witness, either among his people or among the impenitent. Thus God's commands are made of no effect. While we trifle, God is preparing to call us to account. How many will he find "thinking their own thoughts and doing their own work?" How many lay not up a treasure in heaven, but "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath!" How many professed servants will he cut asunder, and appoint with hypocrites and unbelievers?

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LOST FOUND.

ONCE there was a boy in Liverpool who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little fellow was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes; and so he was dressed in a strange way in their clothes.

But that evening, a gentleman who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore.

He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore, and could not find the lad to whom they belonged. I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time in crying, and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but he felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set out toward his father's house. He did not wish to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on, so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those that knew him. At last he came to the hall door. He knocked. When the servant opened it and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Thomas!" His father rushed out and, bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainted. "There was no spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say, with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive!"

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost forever arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Will not your pious fathers and mothers, or pious brothers and sisters, welcome you and say, "We rejoice to see you safe? Welcome! Welcome!" You will not go there as the boy did, with cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow. And what must you become, to be ready to enter heaven when you die? You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that the guilt and power of your sins may be taken away. You must seek the grace of the Holy Ghost to renew your hearts and to enable you to live a holy and useful life.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide, how you would have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children of heathen lands are drifting onward without hope, to an eternal world.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

LITTLE ones, but think of this,
When your tasks you scan,
Turn not wearily away,
Do the best you can.

What though discouraged yesterday,
Fretting when you failed,
Doubts and difficulties flee,
If with zeal assailed.

Wisely work while youth-time lasts,
"Life is but a span,"
Frowns disfigure little ones,
Do the best you can.

Try each day to do your best,
Seek some one to please;
"Trying never yet was beat,"
Soon you'll work with ease.

Smiles and love be your reward,
By fond friends caressed;
This will be the guerdon sweet,
If you do your best.

Do your best, then, little ones,
At your work or play,
Happily the hours will pass,
Useful glide away.

LITTLE PILGRIM.

CHOCK FULL OF THE BIBLE.

NOT long ago we heard a letter to the youth of a Sabbath-school read, in which the writer told of a good boy who went to sea—perhaps he was the cabin-boy. One of the counsels which his pious mother gave him when he left home was, "*Never drink a drop of rum.*"

The sailors used strong drink several times every day. When it stormed, they thought they must use it more freely to keep from taking cold. So they offered it to the boy, for the same reason they drank it themselves; but he refused to drink. During a severe storm, when they were all very wet, they urged the lad very hard to drink. They were afraid he would take cold and die. But he declared that he would not. Finally, one of the sailors, who had never tried his hand at making the little temperance hero drink, said that he knew he could make him take a dram. So he went to the brave lad, and did his best to induce him to take a little, but he would not touch a drop. He told the old sailor of his mother's counsel,—"*Never drink a drop of rum,*"—and he quoted Scripture to show that he was doing right, for he had been a good Sabbath-school scholar. The sailor never heard so much Bible in his life scarcely, as the little fellow poured in his ear. All he could reply was, "Your mother never stood watch on deck." He gave it up, however, as a bad job, and went back to his post. On being asked how he succeeded, "Oh!" said he, "you can't do anything with him, for he is *chock full of the Bible!*"

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Let us speak to you as to brethren and sisters beloved. We know but few of you in the flesh. But your articles breathe the spirit of our common Lord and Saviour, and therefore we have learned to love you, and expect to meet you face to face when we shall be glorified together. Some of you speak of the great benefit you have received from the Guide, its consolations in a sick room, its light coming to you in a moment of religious perplexity, and its prompting in despondency. Let God have all the glory, and pray for us that by grace we may abound more and more "in fruit unto holiness."

Feeling grateful for your prayers and sympathy, which we believe you bestow upon us, we desire to acknowledge the favor also of the labors of your pens. Many of these have greatly assisted us personally, and been of priceless value in the blessings they have conferred on our readers. But we have not used all the articles with which we have been favored, for to have done so would have imposed the necessity of publishing a magazine much larger than ours. Besides, all have not been suitable for our pages; none need feel disparaged by this statement, for the writings of the holiest and the ablest may be thus rejected. We use our best judgment in all love, and trust the forbearance of our friends. Yet we occasionally learn with pain that we have wounded the feelings of some kind Christian brother or sister. A note lately received, touched our sensibilities greatly. The sister (?) had taken our uniform rejection of her contributions as an intimation of doubt from us concerning the genuineness of her professed spiritual attainments. Alas, an enemy whispered that—yes, *the Enemy*, who is a liar from the beginning. Some of our rejected manuscripts breathe a most heavenly spirit. A father in the Christian life, who assures us that he has passed his three score and ten years, who dates his letters "*near Tennessee*," has by the sanctified spirit breathed into his contributions, begotten in our heart towards him the love of a son; yet we have never found a place for them in the Guide; they and their author are lodged in our best affections.

Not only does the rejection of articles sometimes wound, but alterations and excisions (we use our editorial right in the former but slightly) afflict even more. Bear with us, beloved, in this also. We act for the good of *all*, erringly doubtless often, but conscientiously and in love.

There is another source of sore trial, both to contributors, editors and printers. We refer to typographical errors. One such occurred in the Oct. Guide making the writer teach that we ought to "*modify*" rather than "*mortify*" the deeds of the body, a most sad theological heresy, which the esteemed author of the article would shudder

to own. We mean to give our readers as little occasion for trial in this way as possible.

Now, while our pen is in the ink, permit us to suggest a word to those (and we hope they are many) who propose still to write for the Guide. Write legibly. An article may be rejected because the many demands upon the editor's attention do not allow him time to *study it out*. He should be able to read it without painstaking. If you are not practised in the task of writing for the press, get a friend who is, to correct your manuscript; then copy it. This will benefit you and greatly aid us. Finally, we would suggest that but few persons, even among the educated and ready writers, can write *poetry*. Those, therefore, who fail in the attempt should be consoled that success here is not necessary to the largest usefulness, even in the use of the pen.

Having spoken thus freely, beloved, let us labor on together in the fellowship of the Spirit and the bond of peace. Write on, write often; write the best you can, and we will use your manuscripts with our best judgment, to glorify Him whose honor we all seek.

BOOK NOTICES.

INSIDE VIEWS OF METHODISM — A HAND BOOK FOR INQUIRERS AND BEGINNERS. By WILLIAM REDDY, of the Oneida Annual Conference. New York: Carlton & Porter.

Pp. 188, 16mo. The author is of the opinion that a position "inside" of the system is the proper stand-point of observation for getting truthful and accurate views of its mechanism, its furniture and its forces. Occupying this position himself, he has taken seventeen successive "Views" of the various peculiarities of the M. E. Church. Members and even ministers of the church will find the book a fine little compend of fact and argument in defence of the denomination. If a young convert were to receive a copy of this book at the hand of the pastor on uniting with the church he might be expected to attain a fuller acquaintance with the church of his choice in the six months of his probation, than many of its communicants have acquired in twenty years.

We suggest to pastors to procure at least a few copies for circulation among their several flocks.

G.

EVENINGS WITH GRANDFATHER BRADDOCK. Showing his labors, joys and triumphs in the Methodist Itinerancy. Being an antidote to "My Father Braddock." By Rev. Frank F. Fairview. Published by the author, and for sale at the Methodist Book and Tract Depository, 119 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. Pp. 147.

This is the *Christian* view taken of what may be considered by some the objectionable features of

the Methodist itinerancy. Having never seen more of "My Father Braddock" than what is quoted in these pages, we cannot of course judge how far this volume is an antidote to the sentiments there advocated. Whatever may be said of the system, however, which doubtless has its defects (and what system has not) we do not see how a truly Christian heart, acquainted with the character of the men who manage it and of the results that have grown out of it, can assail it in the strong language expressed in these quotations. We would not make an idol of any system—Christ is our salvation, not Methodism, and yet we would remember the woe pronounced against those who offend one of Christ's little ones.

The author of Grandfather Braddock has evidently not been accustomed to prepare MS. for the press; but the defects are not such as would affect the interest with which the subject is invested.

THE HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CALLED METHODISM. Considered in the different denominational forms of its relations to British and American Protestantism. By Abel Stevens LL.D. New York: Carlton & Porter.

We have received from our good brother, J. P. Magee, Agent of the Methodist Depository in this city, vols. 1 and 2 of this masterly work.—Without qualification we hesitate not to say, that of all the publications issued from our Book Room that have come under our own observation this takes the lead. It is not a glorification of Methodism, prepared for the denomination alone, but a comprehensive view of the great revival, of which, we think, Methodism is acknowledged by universal consent to be a leading element. The style and matter make them among the most readable and attractive volumes of the day to all denominations. The first volume brings the history down from the origin of Methodism to the death of Whitefield; and the second from the death of Whitefield to the death of Wesley. Two more volumes will complete the series. It is having, we are happy to hear, an extensive sale.

THE REFORMED WOMAN; or Passages from the life of Mrs. Anna Cooley. With brief sketches of her mission, and a plea for the fallen. By Edith Rivers. Boston. Published for the author. H. Hoyt.

This is the history of one who, rescued from the paths of degradation, is now devoting herself as a city missionary, to the salvation of others. It is a narrative of the most thrilling interest, showing how the downward progress is frequently accelerated by the chilling neglect, not to say persecution of family connexions. Read it, dear friends, and you will be led to magnify and adore the all-conquering power of grace.

[Original.]

WHICH? A CHRISTIAN, OR A SINNER?

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

THERE is a fatal error in the churches in regard to the doctrine of justification, an error which leads many to dream of heaven, and causes others to seek and profess to receive the blessing of holiness, when, in fact, they are only made partakers of justifying grace. We believe that many, who now profess holiness, are only living in a high state of justification, and are innocently resting in what they believe to be perfect love; who, could they see the light, would press on to the fulness. This is our apology for introducing this subject in a magazine devoted specially to the subject of holiness.

To reach our design we will briefly, in the language of our excellent catechism, say that "Justification is that act of God's free grace in which he pardons our sins, and accepts us as righteous in his sight for the sake of Christ," and that "Regeneration is the new birth of the soul, in the image of Christ, whereby we become the children of God." These are nearly identical, so that every one who is justified is also regenerated. Justification places us in a *new relation*, that of favor with God; regeneration, in a *new state*, that of being born again, or renewed in righteousness. It comes not within our province to defend this doctrine or define it technically, but to show, if possible, its practical bearing upon every-day life; what it will do for us; or, what it is to be saved in the lowest sense; to be a Christian at all, or, in any way meet to be called the children of God.

There are two evils in the church in regard to this doctrine; the one theoretical, the other practical. The first is that of elevating the standard *too high*; the other, in placing it *too low*. One affirms, that at conversion the soul is sanctified or made holy, so that growth in grace

is the only advance; while the other claims, in its *practical* bearing, that living in actual neglect of duty, and commission of some sins, is not incompatible with this state.

Of the first we have but little to say, only that it is opposed to the plain teachings of the word of God, and the doctrines of our church. It is contrary to the experience of almost all who live near to God, if not every saved soul; and though frequently tested, but few individuals, either through their written or verbal statement, have yet been found who *profess, even*, to attest to its truth by actual experience.

We have said there are those who place the standard too low; who, by their lives, deny the extent of this gracious work. With this class we have mainly to do in this article.

That the commission of sin is incompatible with this state of grace is too palpable to admit of argument. The word "justify" indicates the extent of this salvation. God cannot justify sin in his creatures. His law must remain unbroken by those who remain his children. He condemns sin of every character and degree, and upon whom his forgiving smile rests, is no condemnation.

To affirm we can transgress one of the least of God's commands and yet be accepted of him, is to say he does at the same time forbid and allow sin in his creatures; at the same time, justify and condemn. "Sin is the transgression of the law," and the known or wilful violation of that law is punishable with death,—"the soul that sinneth, it shall die." Mark the phraseology, "the soul that *sinneth*,"—not that commits many and enormous sins, but "*sinneth*" the least sin, and but one sin, "it shall die," for the "wages of sin is death."

A large number of church members profess, by their church relation, to enjoy the blessing of pardon, and their class and prayer meeting testimonies go to prove

their belief in the constant retention of this grace; — but all along admitting their neglect of duty, and commission of sin, they claim that, though there are those who advance more rapidly, still they enjoy the favor of God, and are in the way of life. It is distressing to a saved heart to listen to such absurd testimonies, for the hopes of such are as groundless as those of the ungodly. God has no sinning Christians. His people are saved from sinning! and the wilful blindness of thousands is most lamentable. Who attends a class and does not listen to such statements? Who visits a prayer circle, and has not ocular demonstration of this fact?

Weekly we listen to them, but let such be approached with the direct question: Have you *now* the favor of God? Does his Spirit *now* bear a positive, unmistakable witness to all your sins being forgiven? The wavering, stammering reply would but too surely prove the sandy foundation of their hopes, and, in many instances, frankness and conscience would dictate an unequivocal assertion, that they had no such knowledge. A "love for the brethren" is as firm evidence as many possess, although Christ has said, "By this shall ye know that ye have love one to another, *if ye keep my commandments.*" "Past experience" is the burden of many a song, the sum total of many a one's religion, though God has said, "the path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day;" — and what is most lamentable, after searching truth has been uttered, and plain tests applied, the next testimony from those lips will be the same old story of failures and sins, and the same hope expressed of being a child of God. Can such be reached? Is there power in truth to move them? Can such eyes be opened? The Lord help and save them!

If we are justified at all, we are entirely; there is not one sin remaining unforgiven. If we are accepted of God at all, we become his children, and if so, we

have positive, reliable knowledge of the fact, "for the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are born of God." There is no room for doubt, it vanishes before the light of a conscious experience, and *while we remain in a state of favor or acceptance, we live without sin* for, "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are *in Christ Jesus.*" If we are in Christ Jesus, at all, we have no condemnation; if we have none, it is because we do not sin, for God condemns the sinner. When we violate God's commands knowingly or wilfully, we fall from a state of favor and become aliens, yea, rebels in his dominions. This does not imply great guilt, but the mere neglect to do what we know is duty; the mere doing what we know, or ought to know, God forbids.

What? Would you assert that we can be one day a Christian, and the next a sinner? We assert that faith in the blood of Jesus will, in a moment, speak all our sins forgiven; and sin committed, of any character or degree, will in a moment sever us from the relation of acceptance with God; and only sincere repentance, and again acting faith in that blood can restore and save us. If we neglect this, then are we, indeed, no longer fellow citizens with the saints, though we profess loudly, and act the part of loyal subjects every otherwise. Ask that young convert if he can neglect duty, and not be enshrouded in darkness. Ask him if he can commit sin, and not feel the face of his reconciled Father turned from him. His conscience is tender, and he knows what conscious pardon means. Now does being long in the way disqualify from detection of sin? Does it give license in its indulgence? Nay, verily.

Those persons we have described, in their early history, knew what this meant, but so often have they sinned, and so often neglected duty, that their seared consciences cease to warn. Let such beware; for such a one is less a Christian than

when first born into the kingdom; less than a babe in Christ, and can he be a Christian at all? We appeal to conscience, the word of God, and the judgment day!

But you say, "you are describing persons professing holiness. We do not profess to live without sin." Not at all. We are simply defining the blessing of justification, what every saved Christian heart feels and enjoys. If you have not daily communion with God, not merely approach by way of prayer, but sensible revealments of mercy; if you have not positive knowledge of acceptance, and are not growing up into Christ, your living head, then are you unsaved, and classed with the hypocrite and unbeliever. There is no other standard for the Christian; his is no middle ground, no equivocal position. You are either saved or unsaved; either in the road to heaven or the way to perdition. God has not a path for those who serve him faithfully, and another for those who profess allegiance, but "who do not the truth," and these paths leading to the same goal. Nay, verily. The broad way is travelled directly from the doors of our churches, and its terminus is none the less terrible. The bleeding heart of Jesus is wounded afresh in the house of his friends! His cause is languishing, when millions profess to love it! His steps are feeble and fainting, amid the tabernacles of his people, because so few wait for his coming as those who watch for the morning. When will Zion arise, and be girded with strength? When will her spirituality be commensurate with her numerical importance? When will our social gatherings be enlivened by the rehearsal of the constant victories of all who meet there, and the church able to make aggressive movements for God? This low state of piety, this practical infidelity, this belief that some sins are consistent with Christian character, is sapping the foundations of our faith, crippling our energies, and eating like a cancer our very life.

The pulse of Zion beats feebly, and disease is fastened upon her. O that the trumpets would give a certain sound; that the ministers of God would fearlessly declare the truth in this regard; that they would "show the people their transgressions, and Israel their sins;" that they would teach the doctrines of the cross as their Master taught them! Then would soon the standard of justification be placed where the Bible erects, and false hopes thus cut off, their possessors would turn to Calvary's blood for life-giving salvation.

But how difficult to reach such hearts. The faithful minister feels it so. Wrapped in the enfoldings of security, relying upon a formal devotion, past experience, and love for the church, their delusion awakens the pity of the saved. The prophet says, "Will horses run upon the rock, will one plough there with oxen?" Yet this is the work of the gospel minister to such; it is unpromising, and often unyielding of fruit. It is calling to the dry bones of the valley, saying "Hear ye the word of the Lord," — but stiff and motionless and bleaching they lie, all unheeding of the voice of the prophet, or the alarm which their melancholy state produces upon those who live. The breath of God comes not upon them, and we fear resurrection power alone can move or affect them. The blast of Gabriel alone, "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment," will reach and stir them. Would God, they would yield to the force of truth, cease to be hearers only, and become doers of the word; renouncing all reliance upon the semblance, seek the power of a living gospel; — taking their true position as penitent sinners, beseech the renovating power of the Holy Ghost.

O, could some melting sound of grace, some tender strain of Calvary, some claim of human responsibility, some association with the heavenly world, some mysterious Providence or visitation of mercy reach and save them! But if they "hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they

be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Conscience-driven truth, Sinai-clothed law, the uplifted veil of retribution cannot affect them. A pen dipped in terror, portraying scenes of coming wrath; a tongue of fire, proclaiming God's eternal vengeance upon the ungodly; a heart of love, dissolving in pity at their awful state, — all the apparatus of Justice and Mercy combined, is powerless upon them, and we, wondering at their blindness, and hearts all bleeding at their delusion, beseech the sparing mercy of a just God.

But we return to those who profess holiness, and propose a few plain, practical questions. Did we thus understand the blessing of justification, when we professed it; and did we thus practise? Were we saved from *sinning*, and are we now saved from *sin*? It is astonishing that so many feel that to be saved from *sinning* is the high privilege of only those who profess perfect love. A low state of holiness that, which only keeps saved. *Justification* does that for a soul, preserving it from the power and dominion of sin. A state of triumph; a state of glorious advance and holiness is a state of mighty conquests for God; and one in which the soul, restlessly active and all astir with zeal, will be seeking objects of labor, and being "instant in season and out of season," will have constant *fruit* as the result of effort.

St. Albans, Vt.

JOY. — "It is the Christian's duty to be joyful; a sin to be sad in the service of such a Master, save for those unsaved. 'And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation.' The tears of the child of God are like rain in the sunshine." — *Hascall*.

RELiance is the essence of faith. Christ is the object of faith, the word is the food, and obedience the proof, so that true faith is a *depending* upon Christ for salvation in a way of *obedience* as he is offered in the word.

[Original.]

TO LOVERS OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH HARTWELL.

THIS heading is chosen because there are those of whom it is truly descriptive. They are of different classes. Those who now enjoy this state of grace; those who have enjoyed it, and who, though now destitute of the witness of it, yet love it above every other theme ever introduced to their attention; and those who, though they never enjoyed the state of holiness as a personal experience, yet have learned to admire it, and long after it, and are truly seeking it.

Will the lovers of this subject in these respective classes, allow me, with all deference, to make a few suggestions. I make them to *you*, because I know that your love for the cause will lead you to give them a careful and earnest consideration.

There is nothing in the universe that fallen spirits *hate* as they hate holiness. And the *cause*, doubtless, is that holiness is the mighty *opposite* of their own natures; and because its spirit is the motive power of the church of God, and invests her with the *might* which enables her to succeed against the powers of hell. The kingdom of darkness suffers loss precisely in proportion to the advance of holiness in the church; and her moral power is measured by the piety of her individual members. Hence, when Bible holiness is truly and clearly preached and urged upon Christians, and they begin earnestly to seek and obtain it, "Satan comes with great wrath because his time is short." And where it will best succeed, direct opposition is employed; but in other instances, "*devices*" of a more artful character. When Satan sees an "engine on the track," the moral force of which he cannot resist, then, if he may not actually turn engineer, and "run it into the ground," a favorite device is to tempt the working men into some great imprudence

or error, which will thwart the results which might have been achieved by such a moral force. Some will be tempted to stop short of duty; others to go too far. Those who will not stop short will be tempted to *commit* some great error; and the latter is doubtless more to be dreaded, for of all acting, *overacting* is the worst. Wesley says: "To *over-do* is to *un-do*." Powder is powerless without fire, but fire injudiciously applied, blows up the magazine. Persons thus acting defeat all purposes of good, and do vast injury. They may burn temples but not build them. Their zeal against the tares accomplishes but little more than the destruction of the wheat; and the *sick* are *killed* by their rash attempts to cure them. And persons thus acting not unfrequently destroy all hope of any improvement in their manner of working by saying: "It is for us to do our duty, and leave events with God!"

But my object was to call the attention of the thoughtful lover of holiness to the injury that may be done by making the impression that the zealous advocates and promoters of this subject are easily provoked or induced either to leave the church or to disregard her *order* and *peace*. I do not believe that this *can* be true of the *real* and *intelligent* lovers of holiness; and yet, this impression will be made, if its zealous advocates are known often to leave the church. Let this be so often done as to make the impression that great zeal for holiness is a prelude to a stam-pede out of the church, or of opposition to her order and discipline, and the usefulness of even the true and reliable will be fearfully curtailed, and Satan will make immense capital of it. Suspicion will be awakened against many excellent persons, and some may make it the occasion of neglecting the subject of holiness altogether, if not of opposition of its truest friends. It avails nothing to say, that such neglect and such opposition would be unreasonable and unjust. The *wise* will be careful *not to furnish* to such

persons a plea so specious. They would suffer much themselves, before hazarding injury to the cause of God by a step in itself so questionable.

Persons professing holiness should be careful to avoid everything that could make the *impression* that they are easily offended, or moved from their steadfastness.

I should not fail to say that these remarks should receive but a very *limited* application. The great majority professing this state are examples of diligence, faith and patience. The few exceptions, however, we fear may cripple the influence of a large class of the most useful among us, and do this in proportion as their movements attract attention. May the Lord pardon our errors, pity the weaknesses of humanity, and grant us "the wisdom which is profitable to direct." While we thank him for our prosperity as a people, let us humble ourselves in his presence, and pray that nothing may rise in our midst "to hurt or to destroy."

If "*God has raised us up to spread scriptural holiness over these lands*," we should not be surprised should Satan call off his troops from other parts of his dominions to attack us, and divert us from the great work of our calling. For this purpose a thousand incidental side-questions and issues will be introduced to engage our time and energies, that our great mission may be a failure! Upon the other hand, if we hold to our "work of faith and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God our Father, *without ceasing*," the next half-century will show that the mission of Methodism was now but *just opening*—that all we have done, as yet, was only clearing away rubbish preparatory to laying foundations for the temple of the Lord. Our distinctive doctrines and usages are making an impression as never before, and the field of the world is open before us, "white and ready to the harvest." May we not fail to appreciate the responsibility connected with our position.

[Original.]

BEING MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY A. JONES.

By the gracious revival that has reached this town, my way has been opened to duty in a certain direction. The obstructions by which I have been "hedged up" are not removed — all acquainted with me understand the allusion — yet a diviner life has been infused, by which I have power to surmount them. I have lost my timidity, and am prepared fully to testify with the apostle and the primitives, that I am baptized into Christ — into his death; that I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

It has been the highest aspiration of my soul to attain this rest; to know, every day, that I have ceased from my own works, and am living by the faith of the Son of God. Than this I can seek no greater happiness, no other heaven below. This, then, is my glory and joy, that I am being "made perfect through suffering." I am determined not to glory, save in the cross, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. No room for pride or self-complacency to creep in here.

Some may say, "Is this the happiness religion affords? Can we not be moulded into a high state of grace, but by suffering, mentally and physically? daily having the heart cut round — the will crucified — and this to be repeated and continued while life lasts?"

Yes; no honor or glory like being conformed to Christ. This suffering faith conforms us to his death; this receiving of the Spirit which is then and thus brought in, conforms us to his life, by a resurrection to a life of righteousness. What higher aim than to be as he is in this world, and to have him, the Father, and the Comforter, to dwell with us and be in us? This is the soul's satisfying portion. "Is this the highest? then growth in grace is at an end." By no means. A garden

cleared of weeds will grow better than before. The soil must still be stirred and opened to receive the sun and rain. Necessary and daily afflictions will thus move and mellow the soul, which must daily receive divine influences, and thus grow up and increase in all the will of God — imbibe more correct sentiments — more enlarged views — and expand to receive the fulness of God, which, more copiously poured in,

"Fills my soul, already full,
And shall forever fill."

Christ drank the bitter cup to the dregs, and left each a share, to be filled up in his members. Shall we refuse to hold communion with him and his saints, in "this single, sacred drop," by which we are to be conformed to his sufferings?

We all wish to reign with him; then we must be willing to be baptized with his baptism; not only as James and John, but as Job, Daniel, Jeremiah, and all the prophets and martyrs enumerated in the eleventh of Hebrews. St. Paul gloried in necessities, afflictions, reproaches, — nay, he would glory in nothing but the cross.

This is the economy of heaven to save lost man, the best that could be devised in the divine counsels, else it would not have been chosen by infinite wisdom, for God doth not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men.

I have often been in the furnace of affliction, often found God with me there, and rejoiced in the flame; yet, at other times, I seemed to suffer alone — felt that I was being consumed. But when the almighty Refiner drew me out of the crucible, I found he had been melting me to separate my dross. He was polishing his work, and stamping his image anew, to reflect his glory. I need not quote to substantiate. Every one that reads, recognizes these scripture metaphors, first used by the unerring Spirit in dictating the Word. I could not express the deep things of God, but under these figures. My words flow from fact and feeling; yet when

compared with the original copy, I am established and consoled to find such an agreement, both in matter and form, by the inspiration of the same Spirit on my heart.

Now, therefore, I resolve, that, in order to live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit, I will rejoice in tribulation, glory in infirmity, count it joy to fall into temptation, cry Abba, Father, under chastisement,—being persecuted, to bless—in loss and disappointment, to say, “All things are mine,” etc., etc.

While musing on my restless bed, “among the shades I rolled;” and thus renewing my resolutions, I felt “the tongue of fire” to rest upon me. Being led by the Spirit, I have found the channel wherein to secure the continuance of this divine life.

I therefore now join my humble testimony to the cloud of living witnesses who in “burning words” are attesting these great truths; and may the hallowed fire unite with the flame they are raising, until it shall “set the kingdom in a blaze.”

These are no extravagant ideas, no random expressions, no hallucinations of wild fancy; they are the words of truth and soberness. The principles are founded in the promises, which we cannot doubt; for we feel the prophetic truths they teach as realities divinely demonstrated in our own experience. Instance, “He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.”

North Gower, Oct. 1, 1859.

RELIGION. — Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe — its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. — *Daniel Webster.*

If we study to honor God, we cannot do it better than by confessing our sins, and laying ourselves low at the feet of Jesus.

[Original.]

CHRIST MY ALL.

BY LEILA.

“I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ my Lord.” Phil. iii. 8.

I COUNT all things but loss,
Let me but cease from sin,
And, clothed in Christ's own righteousness,
A holy life begin.

I count all things but loss,
And this one thing I do,
Forgetting those behind, I strive
To keep the prize in view.

If I count all but loss,
And raise toward the skies
The eye of faith, then onward move
And press toward the prize —

Counting all things but loss,
For Christ my dearest Lord,
I surely shall be found in him,
And gain a rich reward.

Then I may count as gain,
All that seemed loss before,
In full fruition I shall dwell
With him for evermore.

Give me, O Lord, to live
This life of faith below,
To apprehend my Saviour, God,
The power of Christ to know.

The power to live by faith,
And count all things but loss,
To turn aside from earthly gain,
And glory in his cross.

Thus, dearest Lord, would I
A faithful soldier be,
And while I keep the prize in view,
Press on to victory.

PRAYER. — A man may pray night and day and yet deceive himself; but no man can be assured of his security who does not pray. Prayer is faith passing into act; a union of the will and intellect realizing in an intellectual act. It is the whole man that prays. Less than this is wishing or lip-work — a charm or a mummary. — *Coleridge.*

HOW TO LABOR. — “Do a little at a time that you may do the more.” — *Wesley.*

[Original.]

THE INNER LIGHT.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—I have often been solicited to write a communication for the "Guide," but have declined until the present. But, waiving all objections, I have concluded to submit the following to your disposal.

From the earliest of my recollection, I was deeply interested in the truths of the gospel; for, associated with those remembrances, are the Sabbath-school, the classroom, the love-feast, etc. At the age of fourteen, I was converted in a meeting held by my father, who has since gone up nearer the throne,

"Where beauty, innocence, and grace,
Shine brighter still from every face."

I united with the M. E. Church, and for some months partook freely of the "sincere milk of the word," and grew thereby. But neglecting to observe the divine order, namely, "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ," to "*go on unto perfection*," I became weak and ill prepared to withstand the subtlety of our arch enemy. My experience was something like the ebbing and flowing of the tide. Youthful lusts that war against the soul, would sometimes meet me, arrayed in all the charms of beauty, in all the glow of apparent innocence; and, failing to recognize my insidious foe, I was kept in bondage by youthful associations and unholy pleasures, from which it was my privilege and duty to be delivered. Again and again the voice of the Spirit would speak to my inmost soul, saying, "Be ye holy." But unbelief said, "Not so; this blessing is not for you, but for those that are called to fill more important stations, such as ministers and other distinguished personages who have some important work assigned them, and need this high degree of grace to prepare them for its execution." But my heavenly Father, who had provided "some better things" for me, did not leave me in the wilderness of unbelief,

but led me in a way I knew not. My pathway was beset with thorns. The hand of disease was laid heavily upon me, and soon it was discovered that "the light of the body, which is the eye," was suffering under its power. A few short weeks more elapsed, and it was said, (and more keenly felt,) "*P. is blind!*" Home medical aid was sought, but no relief was found; and fears were entertained that I would never again behold the light. Borne on the lap of parental kindness to a distant place, where more skilful aid could be procured, I was left in the care of kind strangers. But the skill of the eminent was baffled, and ever and anon would come rushing on the chilling thought — *a blind girl!*

But the spiritual eye was not blind. Its perceptions were much clearer than ever before; and those truths which had been concealed by sin, and placed afar off by unbelief, were held before the mind in living light. Individual responsibility, personal effort, and improvement of talent, were looked upon as never before. My soul longed for a deeper knowledge of the word that giveth light; yet now, shut up within myself, how could I gain the desired knowledge? True I could have the Word of God *read*, and was often comforted while listening to its precious promises; but this did not satisfy me. I wanted to study the Book of books as I never had before. Prayer was made by the church, and often did high Heaven hear the solemn vows of my own heart to be only the Lord's. In the meantime, there was a voice that clearly spoke to the interior ear and said, "Thine eyes shall behold the light." Though every external evidence said there was no help, and I overheard the optician say he thought the optic nerve was dead, yet I was sanguine in the belief that I should see again. Through a marked chain of providences I was led to the house of a Mrs. H——, where, by the application of a simple medicine, my sight began to return. And now with what intense anxiety did I watch the return of letters!

Other objects seemed lost in the all-pervading desire to open the heaven-inspired volume and read its divine teachings. Again and again I would take it in my hand, bear it to the light, and look upon its sacred folds. After watching thus for some months, I beheld with my own eye these beautiful words: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the joy and gratitude that filled my heart. Suffice it to say, I do not think the lame man experienced any greater joy. And now I seemed placed upon the threshold of a new world. True, my identity was the same, but claims which I had not felt before were pressing upon me. My duty could not be merged in the mass, and I be guiltless before the Searcher of hearts. The fields were white already to harvest. The day was passing. The voice of God was heard sounding from the sacred word, clothed in all the potency of divine authority, saying, "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive." I embraced the opportunities of doing good, which were not few, and they were augmented as the love, the light, consequent on keeping God's commandments, were received. Truly "the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun;" but sweeter far is the light which at the command of God shines in our hearts "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Although I may never be able to explain to the inexperienced the *modus operandi* of this work, yet *the fact is there*, beyond the possibility of a doubt. Though I may be mistaken in things that pertain to this life, yet *one thing I do know*, that "whereas I was once blind, now I see!" "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." It is equally true that the faithful Christian walketh not in darkness. Christ is his light; the Spirit of God his life;

prayer his breath; holiness his health, and love his element. The tongues of men redeemed from the power of indwelling sin, want proper words to express the sweetness and glory with which the Son of God visits the soul that cannot rest without him. This blessing is not to be described, but *enjoyed*. It is to be written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not on paper or tables of stone, but on the fleshly tablets of the heart. May the Lord open the eyes of the unconverted to see that they must be born again; and of all that bear the name of Christians, to see and feel that "without holiness *no* man shall see the Lord."

P. A. C.

Dover, Mich.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

CAMP MEETINGS.—HOLINESS.

FROM all the reports of those meetings this year, we learn that Holiness is, and has been, the prominent theme. That which was only upon Aaron's mitre, "Holiness to the Lord," is becoming the common watchword of the church of Christ.

At Northport we witnessed the prevailing desire for purity,—many were restored to its power, and many sought and found peace in its beauty, for the first time. We did not visit a small prayer meeting, in which this grace was not the inspiring supplication.

At Whitehall, New Jersey, the whole meeting was characterized by the divine presence, and great earnestness for this gift of power. Two of your ministers about leaving the consecrated spot, said to each other, they never left a place with so much of the religion of Christ—such holy triumph over difficulties, and confidence in God. Thus the man of God is equipped to do valiantly in the name of Christ—"without me ye can do nothing."

A note from a dear sister attending camp-meetings in Vermont, says, "It really

seems as if the whole membership have chosen the way of holiness — such heart-searchings — such confessions of sin — and such triumphs are not often witnessed.

"I cannot for the want of time say what I would. Give my love to the classes, and tell them '*Holiness to the Lord*' must be the only place to rest."

Dr. Bangs in the meeting yesterday, (Tuesday) spoke of the camp-meeting at Naugatuck which he attended last week, like the other two he has visited this year it was remarkable for the work of holiness, and the universal interest felt upon the subject, seemed deeper than at any meeting of the kind he ever labored in; ministers preached clearly and plainly upon the doctrine — prayer-meetings were held for this special grace. He understood that at one tent prayer-meeting the last night, thirty received Christ, in his fulness, to the joy and satisfaction of their souls — besides many sinners were converted during the week.

He preached twice in the place where he stayed on his return from the camp-meeting. In the evening, after the minister in charge had invited sinners forward for prayer, and no one showed any interest in the call, the Dr. asked permission to speak. He then addressed the church on the need of purity of heart, and requested any who felt their need of it, to come forward, when a large number presented themselves for supplication in their behalf. He then said to the minister. "Now, brother, the sanctification of the church comes first, and then you are prepared for a revival of religion."

THERE is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplishes some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man to be a blank, and to be nothing. — *Spurgeon.*

[Original.]

ON RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

Back from death's solemn brink I come,
I come to thee, O life!
To thee, so strange, so checkered, and
With mysteries so rife.

More of earth-discipline, perchance,
This soul of mine doth need;
More trial, conflict, ere in heaven
It claim the victor's meed.

Or it may be that in some nook
Of God's great harvest field,
He wills that e'en my feeble arm
The sickle-blade should wield.

Perchance the Master hath some work
Even for me to do;
Some soul to win to Him, that thus
He gives me life anew.

I know not what God's plans may be;
This only do I know,
That yet awhile my feet must tread
This pilgrim path below.

And, oh! if e'er my soul breathed forth
One prayer, one earnest vow;
With yearnings all unutterable,
To God she prayeth now.

Oh! may the life so crowned by love —
The life given back to me,
With all its wealth of thought and deed —
Be given, Lord, to *Thee*.

[Original.]

"FEED MY LAMBS."

BY ANNA M. PELTON.

JUST before I commenced my first school, my father said, "Anna, if you were only all baptized with the Holy Ghost you would carry the fire with you, and it would spread. God sometimes works through very feeble instrumentalities, and he might do great things with you." The thought occurred to me that it would be well to commence school each day with prayer; but there was a whisper in my heart which said, "No, no; you cannot." The cross seemed so great that I tried to banish every thought of it from my mind. So that winter passed and the two ensuing terms, and I gave no heed to that gentle, reproving voice which only said, "you know your duty, but you do it not. *Feed my lambs;*"

and the voice grew fainter and fainter, and my soul was *starving*. But I resolved then that if ever I took a school again, I would do what seemed to me to be a duty, in the fear of God.

How I have been blessed in the performance of it, especially the past summer!

When the morning prayer was over, we sung holy songs together, and Jesus came very near. I knew by the earnest, tearful faces, that God was working upon the hearts of the children. Oh, how I prayed for a fitness of heart, that I might lead them rightly to the Saviour! I gave my all to God. It was but little, and a poor offering at that, but he accepted it, and I sank and was lost in the fulness of his love, as a drop is lost in the ocean. I felt I was all powerless, all helpless, but God said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Oh, is it so? I thought; then thy strength may be made perfect in me, for I am *all* weakness. With my eye upon the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," I prayed for the conversion of my scholars, and faith cried, "*It shall be done!*" But again I read, "Faith without works is dead," and the searching question came, "have you done all that you might do?"

One day I told the scholars that we would stay the next night after school, to sing and pray. I thought it would be well to tell them beforehand, that they might not be blamed for remaining when they were expected home. Some seemed to be astonished, others amused; the idea of having a "prayer-meeting" was so novel, and funny. After school I heard them talking among themselves, "Shall you stay?" "Do you suppose any will go forward and be converted?" "Shall you pray?" etc.; but I only said, "*God help!*"

The next day came; the day of trial. I heard one say, "*I can't stay,*" and another, "Our folks told me to come right straight home as soon as school is out." How I wished that I might have the day

to plead with God for a glorious victory; but no, I must be in school, and could only leave a simple prayer with the prayer-hearing, *prayer-answering* God.

I noticed one studying her Testament, and said, "Emma, you may study your Sabbath-school lesson if you wish, but get your other lessons first." She replied, "I am not studying my Sabbath-school lesson." (She was "learning how to pray.")

At night most of the scholars stayed. We sang a few sweet songs together, and then I told them of days gone by, when with dear schoolmates I studied, or played upon the hill-side. I told them how, one after another, we gave our hearts to the Saviour, and then of the happy hours we spent in the wood near by, talking of Jesus, and praying. "It was but a short time since," said I, "but now five of our number are sleeping in the churchyard yonder;—you know their graves. You often sing, 'I want to be an angel,' and I hope every one of you may be angels in that world of light; but your hearts must be changed; your sins must be forgiven." Thus I talked, while they were weeping. Then I asked if there were any who wished to be Christians, and lead self-denying, Christian lives? Quite a number, I cannot say how many, raised their hands to express their wish. We knelt and prayed. God was with us. One after another the simple, heart-felt prayers went up to heaven. Some, who had learned the Lord's Prayer for the occasion, broke down at almost every line, sobbing and crying. Others asked how one felt when converted; how they should come to God, etc. I told them to go to God just as they would go to their parents, and ask for just such things as they wanted; that he would *surely* hear them, for so he had promised, and God could not lie.

Very soon one came up to me, and putting her arms around me, said, "O, I am so happy! God has forgiven my sins! And another came with the same good news, and another. When I kissed them,

before parting, child-like, they asked to have a "meeting" every night.

Oh, the beautiful faith of childhood!—the innocent trusting, the unwavering love! I do not wonder that the Saviour said, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a *little child*, shall in no wise enter therein." "See to it," said a little one afterward in her prayer, "that my sins are all washed away."* At one of these pleasant gatherings I noticed a little one, so young I had no idea she could know much of religion, sobbing as if her heart would break. When I asked her what was the matter, she said, "I want to be good." "You love the Saviour, don't you, Libbie?" "Yes;" she said. "Well then," said I, "Jesus loves you. He loved you so, he *died* to save you; now if you love Jesus and Jesus loves you, *it's all right*, isn't it?" "Yes;" she said; and the happy smiles came creeping over her face. Her trouble was at an end.

Follower of Jesus!—what if those loving eyes should bend searchingly on you, and the question should be thrice repeated, "Lovest thou me?" think you a "Yea, Lord" would be a sufficient answer? "FEED MY LAMBS," says the Saviour.

LITTLE HABITS.—"Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue."

* He who sees to such things, answered her prayer.

MORE FROM MRS. PALMER AND THE REVIVAL.

We are able to insert in the *Guide* but a small part of the interesting accounts, contained in the foreign publications which we receive, of the great work of God in Ireland and England.

BELFAST, July 15th, 1859.

It is in fact common for persons of both sexes, and of every age, to be wounded suddenly by the Spirit's sword. Some are so deeply wounded, and their physical prostration is so great, that they seem incapable of utterances of any sort above a whisper. Slain by the sword of the Spirit they fall suddenly and seem lost to everything, but that they are condemned sinners. In low, beseeching, agonizing tones they then sue for the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ. One recently fell as she was returning from church quite late in the evening; the police took her to the station-house, she not being able to inform them of her residence. Restoratives were resorted to, but all were of no avail, till Jesus the Great Restorer applied the Balm of Gilead. Then with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory" she glorified the name of Jesus, while the police stood around her in amazement.

Not a few are stricken down at their own houses apart from any exciting influences. We visited one of these yesterday. She had been stricken down the day before, and so deeply wounded that she was still unable to rise, though the Heavenly Healer had by the all-restoring word quickened her soul into spiritual life. The Spirit had worked so mightily in her that she was physically prostrated. There she lay with heaven in her countenance, indulging in ardent expressions of lofty praise. This young woman is a Roman Catholic. As I entered the room, and saw how evidently she was the subject of the Holy Spirit's mighty working, I stepped up to a woman who seemed to be affectingly interested as she witnessed this transition from most distressing sorrow and conflict

to joy and peace. Supposing her to be a Romanist I thought I should like to know what was the result of her observations on her own mind. "What can be the occasion of all this?" I exclaimed. She looked upon me with surprise, as though she wondered that it were possible I should not know, and then said, "Well, I suppose it is the revival, the same that has happened to so many others." I then stooped down to converse again with the humble subject of grace, and uttered the name of Jesus. She caught the name of the Ever-Blessed, and echoed it in joyful acclamation again and again. "Ah," said I, "Jesus 'is the name high over all,' you want no other name now. You need not come in the name of the Virgin Mary." "No," she exclaimed with marked emphasis, "I only want the name of Jesus now. We then sung the chorus,

"O, He's taken my feet from the mire and clay,
And set them on the Rock of Ages."

Also,

"Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

Here her joy was exceedingly ecstatic, and with looks indescribably blissful, she exclaimed, "Yes, blessed Jesus, thou hast taken my feet out of the mire and the clay, I will 'tell to sinners round, what a dear Saviour I have found.' O Jesus, that thou shouldest take me, a poor, sinful, ignorant creature that I am. I bless thee, I bless thee! glory be to thee, my Saviour. O keep me, do keep me, my Saviour." "He will" I continued, "keep that which you have committed unto him, for he has come to dwell in your heart, and he is now saying unto you, 'Behold I am thy salvation.'"

Never did I witness a more blissful appreciation of these assurances than on this occasion. Again and again did she take up the expressions and repeat them after me, "Yes, he has come to dwell in my heart; yes, thou wilt keep me, my blessed Jesus."

Though she was unable to read she had

kept a copy of the precious Bible with her throughout the day. Dr. Palmer took it from her hand, and commenced to read the 5th chapter of St. Matthew. When he came to the words "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," she exclaimed "O yes, they shall be comforted; these are the words I have been spelling out all day, poor ignorant creature I, that cannot read; but," and here she looked up with angelic sweetness, as though her Saviour was manifestly revealed and present, "He has taught me, He has taught me." * * * *

These sudden seizures are not confined to any particular people, church or place. I have been told that seven were stricken in a Romish church, and were carried in their state of helplessness to the adjacent nunnery. Strong men as well as females have been suddenly struck down in the street, the public road and their own houses. In general, a deep sympathy is felt, even among the most skeptical for those who are called in common phrase "The sufferers" and everything is done for their relief with earnest and affectionate promptness.

IRISH REVIVAL EXTENDING.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Christian News, writing from Connaught, says:

The revival movement is extending into this benighted section of Ireland. For a length of time past, prayer meetings have been held every evening in the Presbyterian church, Leitram, and a revival has been anxiously and prayerfully sought. The attendance at these meetings, the solemnity pervading them, and the deep anxiety of many people about the way of salvation, indicated an answer to faithful prayer, and that the Holy Spirit was beginning a great and blessed work. In Granshaw Sunday school, on Sabbath evening, there were between thirty and forty people, of ages varying from eleven to fifty, affected or stricken down. One thing is remarkable, that many are struck

down in their own houses — in one case six in one night, and four other people who went to see them.

The province of Connaught embraces the Western counties, and the people are mostly Romanists. The places mentioned are in the region of Sligo and Donegal Bay — quite across the island, it will be noticed, from the region where the revival commenced.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

REVIVAL LETTER.

The following is copied from a little tract called "Revival Letters" addressed by Mrs. Palmer, to Mr. Boyer, Manchester.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Sept. 16, '59.

DEAR BROTHER BOYER:—

The God of the armies of Israel, has commenced to work in wonderful power here in the north of England. A revival has commenced which, my heart seems to assure me, is destined to spread over England, provided human limitations do not obstruct, and the ministry and laity, as workers together with God, unite in spreading the flame. We have been engaged in many revivals in America, and more recently in Ireland, and have seen thousands saved, but never remember to have witnessed a more glorious work than has been progressing here within the last few days. We came here last Wednesday evening. You are aware of the long standing and urgent solicitations of the Rev. Dr. Young, that we should make an early visit to this place, but little did we know what an outbreak of power was awaiting us.

We now apprehend the meaning of the inspiring assurance, "Call upon me, and I will show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." You remember we told you how signally the Lord gave us this promise when we first set our feet on British soil, repeating it again and again, in a more memorable manner. O, if you could only be here for a few hours,

you would see how wonderfully the Lord is fulfilling the word on which he hath caused us to hope!

Between three and four hundred souls, we have reason to believe, have been gathered out of the world, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear son, during the last few days. Every day and hour the power of the work is increasing. Last night I presume there were not less than seventy forward for prayers, and probably not less than fifty received pardon. The secretaries of the meeting recorded the names of forty-two. They took as many as they could, but the seekers were so scattered, and the interests of the meeting were otherwise so varied and engrossing, that they were not able to get all. Others also, were blest in the afternoon meeting, whose names, I believe, were not recorded. We are having four meetings daily.

I will enclose one of the printed show-bills which are being posted largely about the city. Hundreds are coming out to the meetings. Have you ever been in the spacious Brunswick Chapel? Would that you could witness the multitudes which nightly congregate there. The place seems filled with the awful presence of God. Solemnity, deep and impressive as eternity, is depicted on every countenance. The one prevailing feeling of all, young and old, professors and non-professors, ministers and laymen, seems to say, "Surely God is in this place." Again and again have we heard the solemn annunciation, going from one lip to another, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Our first meeting was held on Wednesday evening in the Chapel. A large number from Newcastle and its surroundings were out. Our message was to the church. Dr. P. gave out the hymn commencing with —

"Come Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To meet the wonders of the day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues,
Thou didst those glorious scenes display."

We talked about the endowment of

power, the full baptism of the Holy Ghost as the indispensable, aye, absolute necessity of all the disciples of Jesus, if they would be answerable to the duties of their high and holy calling, in bringing this redeemed world back to the world's Redeemer.

Many, by their intensely earnest longing looks, manifested the absorption of their desires for the reception of the grace, and not a few, by most decisive action, signified before the assembled multitude their resolve not to wait till the morrow, but to have the endowment of power *now*. A local preacher was, I think, the first to hasten to the communion-rail, and was, I believe the first to receive "the tongue of fire." Would that you could have heard his clear, unequivocal testimony, as with a holy boldness, which, perhaps, scarcely was more than equalled on the day when the holy flame first descended on the Pentecostal morn, he spake as the Spirit gave utterance. Several other witnesses, principally interesting young men, who looked as though they were destined to be valiant in pulling down the strong-holds of Satan, were raised up that night.

This, as you may observe, was the first meeting, and surely now, as in the early days of the Spirit's dispensation, pentecostal blessings bring pentecostal power. The next afternoon we had a meeting of remarkable interest, in the lecture room. I cannot describe it. The Rev. Dr. Young, the chairman of this district, speaks of it as exceeding in interest any meeting he ever attended. Surely there was one in our midst who "baptizeth" with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, and many felt the penetrating influence of the baptismal flame to a degree which, I trust, may be as far-reaching as life. When we sung at the close,

Glory to the Lamb! glory to the Lamb!

For I have overcome through the blood of the Lamb!

it did seem as if the spirits of the just made perfect around the throne, were

blending with us in holy songs, and the influence was indescribably glorious. Since this time the afternoon meetings are held, as the evening meetings in the chapel, and are largely attended. The power of the Lord is gloriously and manifestly present in all our assemblies.

We do not say this only from what our own feelings suggest, but from the outspoken indications in the countenance, action and often in word, of the congregated multitudes. All men seem to say, "Surely God is in this place." Not only the God of Sinai, before whom the mountains melted, but the compassionate Man of Sorrows, who walked the streets of Jerusalem, the Redeemer and Saviour of Mount Calvary is here enwrapping sinners in his crimson vest, and making known his unspeakable name. The numbers in attendance are daily on the increase. Last night I presume, there could not have been less than from fourteen to fifteen hundred present. The crowd in the lower part of the chapel was so great, that there seemed to be danger of retarding the work, the aisles standing so full as to make egress from the pews to the communion-rail on the part of those who were wounded difficult. And now, you will wish to hear of the number that have received good. Of this I cannot tell you as accurately as I would. For the glory of God, and the promotion of important truth, I thought it might have been well if the secretaries of the meetings had taken some note of the number who have sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. Scores have surrounded the communion-rail, especially during the afternoon services, seeking the blessing of heart purity. Not a few of these are persons distinguished for their position in the community and in the church. They have come, laying all upon heaven's altar, and the holy fire has descended, and scores on scores have been able to testify that the consuming, purifying fires of the Spirit have descended, and by the manifestation of their lives, are de-

claring "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The ministers are all in the work, and heaven and earth seem to conspire in assuring us that this is but the beginning of a mighty flame, which is to spread all over this region. Allelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth: and let all the people say Amen.

Ever yours in Jesus,
PHEBE PALMER.

[Original.]

SPEAK FOR JESUS.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

AN obligation to bear testimony to the worth of religion rests upon every Christian. "Ye are my witnesses," is said to every one who has experienced the blessedness of a renewed life. To "speak for Jesus," then, is just as binding upon the child of God as any other work of piety.

The command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is not enjoined upon the Christian ministry alone. It has a wider and more practical signification. It bids every one who has tasted the love of God, go and proclaim that love to others,—invite his *friends* and *neighbors* to the gospel feast. Whether our field of labor be New England or Hindostan, we are to go out into the world, and declare to every unconverted man and woman the glad news of the gospel message. This is practical Christianity. Do we seek for examples in the past history of the church? let us learn of Jesus, preaching to the Samaritan woman, as he sits on Jacob's well; or to Nicodemus, at the unseasonable hour of night. Let us learn of Paul, as with burning language he declares, "I ceased not to warn every man, night and day, with tears." Do we seek for examples in our modern Zion? let us learn of Carvosso, or a Harlan Page, whose song in glory will blend with that of a *hundred* others, saved from the wrath to come through the

instrumentality of his direct personal efforts.

By the phrase, "speaking for Jesus," we have *especial* reference to *personal* effort for the salvation of souls. We are to preach Christ by the wayside, in the workshop, and in the seclusion of home. Wherever we find an unconverted heart, there is an audience; and in the spirit of love and meekness we are to repeat to that sin-burdened heart the sweet words of Jesus, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We are to speak for the Master, not only on the Sabbath, but Monday and Tuesday, in the midst of the cares and business of life. Whenever and wherever we find men exposed to the wrath of God, then and there we are to be witnesses for Christ. It is true there are times when it would be indiscreet to introduce into our conversation the subject of religion. But these are exceptions. Guided by the Spirit of God, the cross-bearing Christian may know invariably when and where to speak for Jesus. There is little danger that we shall be "out of season," in declaring the "counsel of God;" but on the other hand, we have reason to tremble lest we should neglect golden opportunities to lead the sinner to the Saviour.

"Speak for Jesus." My brother, have you not some unconverted friend or neighbor whom you have never invited to come to the "Friend of Sinners?" Oh, go at once to that perishing one, and with tender entreaty, with the melting accents of Christian love, urge him to "flee from the wrath to come." Say not, "The cross is heavy, I cannot bear it!" Hath not the Master said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee?" Is not his strength "made perfect in thy weakness?" Then speak for him boldly and earnestly. Accompanied by a strong and grasping faith, your efforts will be, and must be successful.

"Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"

[Original.]

SAVED AT LAST.

BY A. S. G.

I HAVE long felt it a duty to confess, through the columns of the "Guide," something of the way the Lord has led me on to victory over the unbelief of my heart.

In the year 1845 I first became acquainted with the Methodists, and very soon after, with weak faith and a ray of light from the throne, but a firm resolve to be a Christian to the end of life, I gave my name to the Church as a probationer. Something like a year afterwards, in pursuance of an ardent desire for usefulness, my residence was changed to the Academy in W——, where, under the pastoral labors of one who loved the doctrine of Christian Holiness, I heard first its blessed truths portrayed in a way that led me to feel that there was in it a beauty and an excellency infinitely desirable, and created in my heart hungerings and thirstings for a realization of what I felt would just meet the wants of my nature. But O the blindness and unbelief of my heart! Time passed on. Sometimes the cravings of my heart were intense, but I looked to be saved in some other way than by present faith in Jesus; consequently I failed. Then I would relapse into a state of comparative indifference and neglect of duty, yet wearing the outward form of religion. What a fearful state! It is all of infinite mercy that I was not left to fill up the measure of my unbelief, and reap the sad result. At length there came a change in my circumstances.

I was either by my faith, and courage, and holy life, to sympathize with and assist one of the laborers in the vineyard, or, by my neglect, and indifference, and unbelief, to hinder him in the great work of the Lord. My responsibilities came upon me with crushing weight. My desire was to be an efficient laborer in the vineyard, but oh, how futile were all my efforts! Without a holy heart I could not labor

effectually. I could not point others to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, while I refused its cleansing efficacy upon my own heart. Conviction deepened. Without seeking inward purity I could not retain justification. I brought my heart and tried to lay it upon the altar, but instead of relying by faith upon Jesus, and taking him as my righteousness, I looked for some great manifestation, or miracle, before I could believe. I placed my soul in the power of the tempter, and he came in like a flood—pressing me back from the little eminence I had attained, down, down into the cold, chilling waters of unbelief. They arose around me; and oh, what blackness of darkness—what horror of horrors filled my soul, as, overwhelmed, I lay in this awful sleep, without guide, without compass, without hope! the tempter hoarsely whispering, "Lost—forever lost!" I had been naturally skeptical, and here I began to doubt and reason, until it seemed that I had lost all faith in everything. My powers of belief even in the existence of God, and in the Bible as his word, seemed paralyzed. Oh, the months and years of mental agony, all kept locked in my own heart, until sometimes it appeared as if Reason herself would be dethroned!

I could not pain my companion with the recital of such unbelief. Before the world and the church my position was such that I must wear the form of godliness, for I could not knowingly so reproach the cause as to tell the story of my skepticism and apostasy. [A mistaken policy, however. The surest way to honor God and vindicate his church, would be for every unsaved member to confess the very worst, and get right at all hazards. God will show us mercy, and the world will show us mercy, when hearty confession and full retraction are seen to follow our unfaithfulness.—EDS.] My only relief was in trying to do the will of the God as revealed in the Bible, with, seemingly, no faith in him as the God of salvation.

In nearly this state of mind, I attended a camp-meeting at Eastham, August, 1854, where the way of faith, both in the preaching from the stand and by counsels in the tents, was more clearly explained than I had before heard. I was convicted of the fearfulness of the sin of unbelief. I felt the desperation of my case, and resolved I would make one more effort. I cried in my heart, summoning all the energy of which my nature was capable, "Lord, I *will* believe!" But oh, it seemed a fearful plunge in the dark. The heavens enshrouded in impenetrable blackness—the God in whom I would believe obscured from my mental vision—my own powers of faith paralyzed—the horrid suggestions of the tempter continually being whispered in my ear; I felt, as not before, that an Almighty power alone could extricate me from the awful deep into which I had fallen. And there I hung for hours, the only language my heart could dictate being, "Lord, I *will* believe!" and blessed in his name, a ray of light gradually broke into my darkened soul. I felt that God could, yea, *would* save me. I asked counsel and prayers, as I had not before dared do, of those who understood the way. I had suffered so much, that when unbelief was yielded, it was easy laying all else upon the altar. I was conscious of the consecration of my heart, of all my interests, but oh, what an offering to present a holy God! It seems like an insult to present such a heart as mine to the blessed Jesus; yet grace was imparted unto me to feel a measure of trust in his promise, "He that seeks shall find;" and then I realized such a clinging to the cross as God alone could have given me strength to do.

Bro. Gorham suggested that I acknowledge Jesus was saving me, in bringing me into this state of grace, of consecration and trust. I saw the reasonableness of it—my faith was strengthened—my inmost soul cried out, "Jesus saves me—Jesus saves me *now*!" and sank overwhelmed at the foot of the cross.

Such love as was manifested to my heart, such a consciousness of the cleansing efficacy of that precious blood, such a change from the dense darkness which enshrouded me, to the glorious light of faith, none can realize but those who, like me, have been rescued from the power of the tempter by divine grace. My only language was, "Glory to the Lamb!" And now, after the lapse of years, Jesus and his power to save my unbelieving, skeptical heart, is still my song—a realization in my own present experience. My feet are pressing a rock firm as the everlasting hills, while love impels me onward to greater conquests in this holy warfare.

[Original.]

OUR BELIEF IN PROVIDENCE.

BY M. O.

How comforting to the children of God is the belief in a superintending Providence. The thought of an all-powerful, merciful, and ever-present Lord is, to them, a never-failing source of consolation. And not alone do those who are blessed with a sense of pardon derive comfort from the thought of a never-failing help in time of need. Let sudden distress fall even upon the unrenewed heart, and it will raise to God an earnest cry for deliverance. Take away this belief, and fear and gross superstition fall upon the minds of men.

Yet, strong as this belief is in the protection of Providence, in a general sense, the faith of men is very imperfect on this subject. Many are willing to acknowledge that God rules in the "kingdom of men," but they cannot believe that he notices the sparrow and the raven. They own that, in *extraordinary* circumstances, he comes to the help of mortals, but their faith cannot grasp the conception of his observing all the little affairs of men, their hidden thoughts, slightest words and actions. Can we believe that God leaves so-called trifles entirely to the control of

men, and only interposes to direct the great events of the world? These small, unnoticed things are often the moving cause of those greater events. Is it not then more reasonable to think he notices all we think, do and say, seeing no one act is disconnected with another? Is it not more in accordance with the faithfulness and impartiality of our heavenly Father, to suppose that he weighs with strictest justice our deeds, and cares for the wants, not only of the human family, but also of the whole animal creation? Not only is "justice and judgment the habitation of his throne," but "his tender mercy is over all his works."

It is a lack of faith in Providence that leads men to desire to look into the future. Indeed, our confidence in the care of God is a sure test of Christian advancement. He who has learned to trust perfectly is far in the way of life. No one who has learned this confidence can look with foreboding into the future. He feels that that, with the present, is in the care of his Father. His mind is at rest, for he does not borrow trouble. Contrast such an one with him whose mind is filled with doubt and misgiving. If trouble is not already upon him, he is apprehensive that it will come. Omens for evil harass and unsettle his mind. He is superstitious, for he will even place confidence in signs portending good or evil, and talk of the *luck* awaiting him. Is not this a vestige of that superstitious fatalism that leads the poor savage to howl and wail from terror, if an eclipse occurs, portending, as he believes, approaching disaster? Superstition dwells not alone with the weak and ignorant. It is not learning, but religion that must scatter it away. Though it best loves to inhabit the murky realm of ignorance and obscurity, it ever follows in the footsteps of guilt. It drove Charles the Fifth from his throne to the performance of the foolish ceremonies of the monastery; while an unshaken trust in God enabled an obscure monk, alone and

defenceless, to confound that same emperor with the sublime words, "*I cannot and I will not retract.*" Here I stand. God help me. I can do no other." It was not Luther alone that spoke in these words. It was the man inspired with the belief in an ever-present God.

As an objection to this belief, it has been said that it lowers our ideas of the great Creator to suppose that he observes all the little transactions of men. Now, nothing that exalts our moral character can lead us to form a grovelling idea of God. But does not a belief in Providence tend, not only to bind our affections closer to him, but also to ennoble our character? If we could ever keep our divine Protector in mind, there would be no room for sinful, debasing thoughts. He who walks so closely with God that he performs every act "*as unto the Lord,*" cannot but have a soul-expanding conception of the Infinite. What a sweet, but solemn thought it is, of a Being ever with us! How should it raise our affections, and purify our desires. Believing as we do in God, how prone we are to live without him. "*As a man thinketh so is he.*" We think of the world, and the concerns of life, and so are carnally minded. If we could but receive the thought of God into our hearts more, it would be better for our souls.

"Spirit of Truth! — why should we seek to hide
Motive or deed from thee? — why strive to walk
In a vain show before our fellow-men,
Since at the same dread audit each must stand,
And with a sun-ray read his brother's breast —
While his own thoughts are weighed?"

Search, Thou, my soul!

And if aught evil lurks securely there,
Like Achan's stolen hoard, command it thence,
And hold me up in singleness of heart,
And simple, child-like confidence in thee,
Till Time shall close his labyrinth, and ope
Eternity's broad gate."

INSINCERITY.— "Nothing is more common than a certain insincerity, which leads men to profess and seemingly believe sentiments which they do not and cannot act upon." — *Goodwin.*

[Original.]

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL.

BY E. L. E.

I WAS a beggar in the paths of life,
 Hungering and thirsting by the highwyside;
 There was no shelter for my drooping head
 That I could call my own. I idly roved
 In search of something I could make a good,
 And give my heart content: it never came.
 Sometimes, indeed, the distance seemed to bear
 Of rest, a promise, or a hope of bread;
 And then, cheered up by an illusive joy,
 I laughed and sported with the crowds that
 pressed,

As poor and abject, to some phantom goal.
 But oft I fain would pluck the bitter fruits,
 Unripe and sickening, which the hedges bore,
 And soiled my robes and tore my hands, to reach
 The worthless bow that showed more thorns than
 leaves.

And I was thirsty, too; my lips were parched
 With the sad fever of a long desire;
 I looked in broken cisterns all the way,
 For one cool drop, and felt no drop but tears.
 But ever far before me rose a stream,
 Whose waters sparkled to my tortured eye.
 Alas! 'twas but the desert's mocking view,
 A mirage of my fancy and my needs.
 A fearful thing is hunger, when the soul
 Grows wan and wasted for the lack of bread.
 Mine wore the famished aspect, an old age
 With want ill-stricken, while its years were young.

At length, one came whom I had earlier known,
 A beggar like myself; once had we groped
 Along the dimness of this devious way,
 As blind ones lead the blind; but now, new-
 clothed,

And feasted daily with convenient food,
 I thought new beauty sat upon his brow,
 And all the comforts of content and wealth
 Were clustered round his being: me, he found
 Jostled and harassed by the eager throng,
 That fed on desert fare, and starved as I.
 He kindly took me with a gentle hand,
 As reading all my wants, and cried aloud,
 "Ho! you that thirst and hunger, come and buy!
 Behold the living water and the bread!
 This is your need, though ye discerned it not —
 The hidden manna and the wine of life!"
 'Twas strange, and yet my famished, longing
 heart

Turned proudly back, and answered like to this:
 "Who talks of buying to this empty palm?
 Too poor to purchase, else it need not starve?"
 The sweet voice spoke again, and even pressed
 The cup unto my lip. "There is no price;
 Drink, drink, and live! no money do ye need,
 But take the morsel bought without reward!"

I drank; I could not choose but take the bread,
 And drop the mortal hunger: through my veins
 A warm, glad current gave me vital life;

I threw my husks away, and closed my eyes
 Upon the false mirage, and was at rest.

And then my brother took me by the hand —
 An angel in disguise — and led me back
 To meet the welcome of my Father's arms.
 And there was feasting o'er the prodigal
 Adorned in new attire; and there were tears
 That brought no pain, and joy that was not mirth;
 The guests were angels, and their songs were
 praise.

Suns, moons, and seasons, with their store of
 good,

Passed quickly round, while I, a child at home,
 Feed on the manna at my Father's board.
 It sweeter grew, and sweeter as I took
 My daily portion from his tender hand.
 It chanced one day a mirror caught my eye,
 And something bade me look: "Can this be I,
 The wretched starveling of the world's highway?"
 Astonished, I exclaimed, and shouted praise.

The wasted visage had new form and hue,
 The eager, restless eye new light and calm.

And yet my soul is hungry; but its want
 Is such as sweetens, not impairs its joy.
 It thirsts, but ever at the living stream
 It finds a fount of bliss, and is content.

Oh! could my voice, the voice within my soul
 Reach some mistaken, hungry, pining heart,
 How would I tell of food whose taste is life,
 And good, whose joy is more than happiness,
 And worth a higher name! How would I tear
 The soiled and tinselled garments all away,
 That it might be made clean, and wear the gold.
 My Father's home has room; the chambers there
 Are ready furnished for the guests to come,
 And make their dwelling sure; secure for love,
 For light, for gladness, and an untold wealth
 Of grace and joy that is itself a heaven.

[Original.]

LETTER FROM FATHER KENT.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN:—My chamber is
 my earthly paradise, and although disease
 has laid an embargo upon me, I have no
 cause to murmur, but rejoice evermore
 that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
 I look back upon my feeble labors, and all
 seems so insipid, I wonder that God and
 men have so borne with me. I am an en-
 tire debtor to grace for whatever good may
 have been accomplished, and rejoice to
 say, grace, grace, from the foundation to
 the top-stone; and yet I often feel com-
 forted in looking back to seasons of the
 displays of power by the right hand of the
 Most High.

I lately heard that a sister was still living and rejoicing in God, whose soul was filled with perfect love, with others, near fifty years ago. I wrote her, and she returned an answer, an extract of which I send you. She will excuse me if she sees it in print, as I think her experience may benefit others. If one can live by faith fifty years, so may all who have a single eye—a constant *intention* to please God in all things.

The fear of losing the blessing, if we obtain it, is one of the greatest hindrances in the way of souls who hunger and thirst for full salvation. This is but a temptation. We need not lose it, though many do. If we expect to lose it in a short time, it will be so, according to our faith; but if we live by the moment, and centre all in God, and believe his grace will sustain us, we may abide in him till death.

A. KENT.

New Bedford, Oct. 19, 1859.

October 9, 1859.

“MY EVER DEAR BROTHER KENT:—

Many thanks to you for such a favor as I have received—a letter written by your own hand. I began and read on with weeping and rejoicing. I well remember the meetings and seasons of glory you speak of, and many more. My dear brother, I never can forget how the Lord has blessed and saved me through your instrumentality. Do you remember the Sabbath you preached at Bro. B. T—’s from these words, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?’”

[Yes, very well. It was April 8th, 1810.]

“I was then thirsting for entire salvation. After the meeting you said to me, I might have seen the glory of God that day, if I had not shut my eyes. Faith came to me that day by *hearing*. I believed that Jesus could save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. The next day I spent much of the time in reading the Bible, and in prayer. I felt the weight of

what you often said in meeting, *Ye must be holy!* Night came on. I went to my sleeping room, sat down, and waited for my mother to retire—thought I would not kneel to pray till all was still. Then I opened a door into a close room, and fell down before the Lord, and with all my heart cried unto him for victory and salvation through Christ. I did not feel condemnation, but I felt that I must be holy. For two hours my cry was, O Lord, save me, make me holy! I was unwilling to rise till I received the blessing. I felt at length that it was a blessing to mourn, and thought if I went mourning till the hour of my death, and could then receive the blessing, it would be enough. I was decided never to give over seeking. I became calm, gave all up to the Lord, felt perfectly willing to wait his time. Then it came to me, ‘Now is the Lord’s time; you need not wait a moment!’ I believed it, and I never have been able to describe what I then felt. I knew the work was done. Thank the Lord, my heart now says, Glory to God! ‘Oh, to grace how great a debtor!’

I regret that I have not lived more holy all the way along, but I think I have never wholly lost the blessing. I have had some trying scenes to pass through, but the Lord has been a present help. His grace has supported and sustained me, and I can say that he is my all—he is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. It is the constant language of my heart, ‘Not my will, but thine be done.’”

— IDLE TALK. — “The tongue used in such a licentious manner is like a sword in the hand of a madman; it is employed at random, it can scarce possibly do any good, and for the most part does a world of mischief, and implies not only great folly and a trifling spirit, but great viciousness of mind; great indifference to truth and falsity, and to the reputation, welfare, and good of others.” — *Bishop Butler*.

[Original.]

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

BY JAMES MATTHEWS

I HAVE the opportunity of conversing with hundreds on the subject of Holiness, as I travel through the land preaching the gospel.

Many have said to me—"We have read Mrs. Palmer's, and other works, and we take the 'Guide'—in short, we read everything on Holiness that comes in our way, and yet we do not understand it."

The people everywhere are inquiring about the "Highway" and yet comparatively few of these inquirers find it, and walk therein. An important question arises here, — Why is this?

It is not because we have not enough written on the subject, for Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Baptists are all taking up their pens and writing their views upon it.

Periodical after periodical is published to guide men into this way, so that one would think there could be no mistake made.

What then is the reason?

It is this: In too many instances men have darkened counsel with words without knowledge. One publishes one view, another writes and conflicts with him, until the sincere inquirer after truth becomes bewildered and lost in a maze of words and ideas. My mind has been much exercised about this of late, that the *plain old Gospel way of Holiness* should have become a matter of so much dispute.

I would to God none would attempt to write but those who themselves feel the sanctifying power of the blood!

No man should publish his bare opinions upon this subject. How many souls have been ruined because of the prevalence of this practice, we cannot know until the Judgment.

Do not think that I am complaining of the number of writers upon Holiness.

No — no, I would that the whole world were deluged with light, but I want it to be *light*.

Now, I have thought, (and I must express it) that many writers have not a *single eye to the Glory of God*.

What says the word?

"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

This having a single eye means a great deal — no secondary thought, no ulterior object — simply *God's Glory*. Let a man prompted by this motive write. He has no desire to shine, — he does not write (as I fear too many do) to "improve himself," or to see what he can do.

His only inquiry is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

He sees the condition of the people, the purity of the Gospel, the only way to God, and he writes as for eternity.

His eye is single, and as he writes the light shines into his soul. The Holy Ghost illuminates his mind, and he sees that however talented he may be, however capable of writing, it can of itself have no effect; so, losing sight of self, placing no dependence on human wisdom, he follows that infallible guide, the Holy Spirit. God is seen — not himself. There is no mystery, no fog, for God having dictated, accompanies the words, "and in *Him* is no darkness at all."

O how I feel the need of our writers being baptized with the Holy Ghost! Souls, immortal souls perishing around us, — men and women hasting to the grave — the country flooded with detestable publications, savoring of the horrible pit — and the religious press comparatively impotent!

I want to see the "Guide" a *guide indeed*.

I want to see our periodicals on Holiness under the control of the Holy Ghost, then will they be mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong-holds of Satan, and the building up of the kingdom of our Immanuel.